

heart, soul, skin, flesh

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by [offday](#)

Summary

George's roommate is a piece of shit. A piece of shit who won't stop coming home with bruised knuckles and torn clothes and these—these spit-slick lips and half-lidded, listless eyes and fresh hickeys on the curve of his neck and holy shit, George wants to fuck him.

Notes

hello!!

i wanted to write a little one shot that was

a) george pov

b) playing around w writing styles ! (this i was excited for)

c) an au

so i hope you enjoy!!! please leave kudos or a comment and let me know what you think :)
thank u!!

cw mention of blood and injuries often, and a very brief accident

title is from the song heart & soul by hamilton :)

George's roommate is a piece of shit. A piece of shit who won't stop coming home with bruised knuckles and torn clothes and these—these spit-slick lips and half-lidded, listless eyes and fresh hickeys on the curve of his neck and holy shit, George wants to fuck him.

Dream has always kept to himself since he moved in three months ago and since he's started disappearing past their shared window and out into the depths of the night.

Not that George cares about what he does or what he gets into, what kinds of crime he's involved in, or who the hell is fucking him so hard that his hickeys appear to still be throbbing against his skin. Surely not that. Except, yeah—that.

George's gut twists every time Dream climbs back into the window and every time he slumps back onto the bed opposite of the wall. Sometimes he'll accidentally knock down the sheet they have hung between the both of them for privacy, and George will see the blood he leaves behind from the clear injuries against his knuckles.

Some days are worse than others. Considerably. And George pretends he is asleep as he listens to Dream limp across tile and carpet and broken wood until the shower turns on and until Dream washes away every single memory of his entire night.

They never speak of it.

Because it's not George's business. It's really not.

George isn't nosy, he's not supposed to be this involved with the roommate he's let into his studio apartment, the guy who helps him pay rent and who occasionally cooks him a good fucking meal on Saturdays and Mondays when neither of them have classes and when they decide to treat themselves to something other than their usual grab at the diner down the street.

Orlando is still hot in September, heat rays of late afternoons causing scraps of sunlight to spread evenly once the moon takes over. It's still hot in September, when people stay indoors more and when trips to the beaches sound more appealing, sweeter and less aggressive than the usual fierce heat of the summer. George prefers this time of the year, except for when classes pick up and when he sleeps less and spends more time studying with his nose turning pages of his anatomy book.

It doesn't bother him—all this coming and going that Dream does.

He still washes his dishes and pays the rent and moves his shoes out of the doorway so George doesn't trip when he comes home drunk.

But lately he's been more than just another body in their small room, more than a quiet stillness George thinks him out to be when he reads such thick books in his creaky bed.

There's been more blood stains on their kitchen towels and the bathroom floor, and Dream has fallen asleep on the couch at the base of the window instead of making it to his bed, still covered in sweaty clothes smelling of dirt and grime.

George spends so long trying to scrub blood out of the couch that when he invites his ex-boyfriend over for the night, he gets a crick in his neck.

He cancels.

Of course, he picks an argument with Dream when he comes home that night, a little past one in the morning. They bounce between swear words and sarcasm and stupid, stupid comments about George's ex because George is horny and mad and he blames Dream for his neck hurting.

"Why're you fucking your ex anyway, George?" Dream spits at him with a whimsical look on his face.

George wants it off—that goddamn look on his face. He wants his clothes off, wants the blood out of the couch. He wants Dream out of the entire apartment building, wants him on his back and on his knees and mewling.

None of that is Dream's business. And they've established that so many fucking times. So many fucking nights. In the mornings. When George gets home with shitty news about his applications and Med School. When Dream pries, and then pries again. None of it is his fucking business, but Dream asks like not knowing will kill him.

And George always tells him. "It doesn't matter."

Because lying to Dream shreds the core of George's heart, takes pieces of him he never thought would exist for a man who lives just inches away from him, who only talks to him over crushed cereal and nearly spoiled milk.

It's cruel how helpless George feels when Dream nearly scrapes his arm as he climbs through the window. His nerves flutter anxiously in the pit of his belly as he turns onto his side, as he ruffles the blankets upon moving his feet.

He can always tell when Dream tries to move in a quiet form. He holds his breath and shakily exhales, as though there's pain in his lungs or throat or on his skin. George always wonders if his ribs are injured.

He wonders if he rides, or skates, or fights before pressing his body against someone. Or maybe it's the other way around. Maybe Dream comes first, then chases the good feeling with something even better, something more dangerous—adrenaline.

But George never asks.

He keeps his eyes closed as Dream walks toward the bathroom, as he drags his weakened body, probably all fucked out and covered in hickeys, to the shower.

George sighs into his pillow as he thinks of blood running down the drain.

He realizes he is sad.

—

Weeks later, when George wakes from a lightning storm and heavy wind, he worries. His tongue presses to the roof of his mouth too harshly when he notices Dream has yet to arrive home.

Realistically, he's probably with a friend.

It's probably someone who he's talked about. Someone who is letting him stay underneath his

covers, someone who is letting him drink from their sink, someone who is letting Dream wear their clothes.

Except that's the problem.

After months of living together, after pointless conversations over the respiratory system and how fucked up books can get, not once—*not once* has Dream ever mentioned a friend.

And to be fair, George never mentions his friends either. They just talk about his ex, spill words when George gets bitter about how much more sex Dream is having than he is. George would consider his ex-boyfriend a friend, kind of.

Tonight Orlando is angry. Aggressively throwing around leaves with horizontal rain and deafening thunder, grumpily gathering floods at curbs and at the tires of cars. George wonders what the ocean looks like at a time like now.

He hates it.

Dream is never this late.

It's always husky grunts out of his mouth when George lets anger surpass him, always contours of flushed fire that graze his cheekbones when Dream is across the room, in his bed with that stupid, smug smile of his.

But not tonight.

Because George doesn't have something close to lust burning under his cheeks or at the insides of his thighs or on his belly. There's no spit that pools on his tongue, no annoyed words he wants to provoke Dream with—because Dream isn't here.

He waits up for Dream in case he needs help, in case the blood and the bruises are scratched heavier against his skin tonight.

But he never shows.

And George tries to make himself feel better by thinking that Dream is at least safe and probably getting fucked by someone who wants to help him forget about the storm. George hopes his friends know how much Dream hates storms.

It doesn't help thinking like that.

George comes quietly that night against the knob of his wrist, with Dream's neck and his waist and his laugh, his hands, his hickies, his mouth all on his mind.

—

George spends his birthday alone.

He gets drunk after he takes a hot shower, after he wonders if Dream will make dinner as he usually does, after he cleans up a mess of vodka and birthday cake spilled over kitchen rags at two in the morning.

Dream is injured when he returns.

He helps George into bed, wraps a blanket around his sticky waist, his sticky hands and sticky chin. He leaves fingerprints of blood on the kitchen rags, but for the first time in a while, he washes them.

He cleans the entire apartment while George sleeps off the alcohol.

—

Dream buys them a Christmas tree.

—

When the temperatures decrease into wind-nipping waves through the air and when the sunlight feels rather vague and more comfortable on their skin, George thrives.

It's much better in December, with the lights they've hung and the ornaments that lay randomly scattered in their shoes. George doesn't know why they have such silly decorations like tinsel pouring from the cabinets or inflatable snowmen that take up half of their bathroom—but it's good, it's really good.

They get along better in the winter, with extra blankets on each of their beds, with more alcohol and the smell of weed woven through their nights.

There's still blood, still the rattling sensation of confusion that eats away at George's gut every time Dream comes home with another wound on his hand, another bruise to his neck—a kiss, a hand that must've squeezed against him until he came in pleasure.

But George never asks. Because Dream doesn't want him to.

—

Until Dream climbs into his bed a few nights before Christmas Eve with no blood on his knuckles, but more of the dreaded pout George is familiar with.

His knees and thighs and hips and waist and belly and shoulders all press to George's back in a flaming, desirable, desperate hope. And he squeezes against the pillow George's head rests on.

But he doesn't say a word.

George can hear the clattering of rocks in his brain, against his ears as Dream tries not to wake him, as he tries to usher closer as though his tide is running low.

He reaches back and pulls Dream's hand over his waist.

From there, Dream grasps onto nothing but the appreciation of George's leap of touch.

Dream scoots their bodies closer until skin touches skin and until bone becomes bone becomes bone.

George listens to Dream cry that night, into George's bare shoulder, into his flesh. And George intertwines their fingers to praise a promise. To remind Dream of what lies in this bed—the two of them, safe and sound.

—

They don't speak of it.

George fucks his ex-boyfriend twice in one night after not seeing Dream for three long and painful days.

And the entire time, he feels parts of him break.

—

On New Year's eve, George calls his mom. He tells her about how his exams had gone, about his applications, his ideas for where to go next. He tells her about Dream, how he's got this phenomenal smile and these eyes that look brighter than the sunniest days in Florida. He tells her he wishes she'd visit.

She tells him maybe next time. And George tightens his fists over white sheets in frustration.

When Dream comes home that night, just before midnight strikes, George is in awe.

"You're early," he says to him, all strong-chested and proud of himself for keeping his throat from choking on tears.

Dream's knuckles are dark purples and violets and reds. Dried blood and scrapes. George is so used to it he doesn't even ask. He's never supposed to.

"As opposed to what?"

"To later. When I'm asleep."

Dream hums as his shirt comes off.

Scratches pane down Dream's back, bruises splatter the base of his rib cage. It must hurt. Some are darker than the others, but most appear to be healing.

"I am not always late, George."

George fastens his eyes over Dream's thighs when his jeans come off. The skin there isn't bruised, isn't red like normal when he stumbles in with fresh blood on his fingertips.

It's—It's nice. Looking at Dream like this, out in the open. George has always found him attractive,

skin so smooth and muscles toned at all the right curves.

They took the sheet down weeks ago when it got in the way, when washing it became a hassle between all the clothes they already had to get through. He prefers it this way.

George lets passion guide his eyes as he looks from Dream's chest to his thighs.

"You're not always late, no—you're right," he tells him, "but you didn't stay long today."

The muscles in Dream's back tighten as he slips a pair of pajama pants up his legs. He turns to George with a look of displeasure and concern.

"Didn't stay long, *where?*"

George isn't supposed to ask. *He's not.*

"Don't know," he smirks. "Wherever it is you go."

Dream grabs a pillow and buries his face into it at the end of the bed. He looks at George as he props his chin up.

"Where do I go, George?" He teases.

Oh. How funny.

In a few movements, George matches his positioning and rests his own cheeks in the palms of his hands at the end of his bed.

George's bed isn't far from Dream's.

It's opposite of his, the ends of them almost touching in a way. If Dream were to reach his arm out, George could touch his skin, his forearm, his wrist.

If George were to reach out, maybe he'd familiarize himself with the ruffled hair that sits atop of Dream's stubborn head, all messy and dirty now.

"I don't care," George stares through him.

"You don't care," says Dream in a voice that cuts through those thinnest parts of George's heart. "You don't care—*really?*"

It's been a while since George has seen him this close.

"You told me not to ask, not to worry."

"So you don't?"

I do. "So I don't."

They stare at each other. They look through tunnels and tunnels of focus in order to find the pulse of each other's hearts just beneath their throats. Dream laughs when George blinks first, when he lets his hair fall into his eyes and when his cheek squishes onto his mattress.

Dream sits up, lets his feet hang off the bed along with his comforter that smells of pine. He reaches for the first aid kit he's got under his bed, and George watches in silence. Dream *knows* George is watching, so he moves slower, and George knows it's slower because he's seen Dream

do all of this before.

“You should break up with your ex,” Dream says as he tightens a bandage around his wrist.

“Excuse me?”

Dream has gauze in his mouth. He shrugs at George with a cocked eyebrow.

“Fuck that guy,” Dream tells him. “*Not actually*. Stop fucking him.”

The air is too tight for George to breathe in it, too thick for him to grip his hands somewhere nearby to understand anything Dream is saying. But his heart pounds, loud, until his chest rattles and screams in his ears. He looks at Dream like he wants to see him gone, or fucked out. George doesn’t know, but he picks up his breathing until he can say something.

“We’re not together.”

“No shit,” Dream laughs as he tosses his wrap aside. He sits against the wall.

A mixture of uneasiness and desperation lurches through George. He grumbles and rubs a hand across his cheeks. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because between the two of us, I actually care, George.”

They fall asleep before midnight hits.

—

On a cool night in January, George asks him.

It’s over a bowl of spaghetti. Right after he’s showered and when his hair is still damp. He asks Dream what he’s been doing for *months*, what gets him all... all *fucked* up like this. Bruises and hickeys and blood, all different, but still touching his skin when he comes home.

He asks because he wants to know what any of it means.

The tears that are still stained to George’s skin that night they slept in George’s bed—that night where sweat pearled between their fingers from how tight they held onto each other.

Dream has spaghetti sauce on his face when he answers.

He talks about the fights he gets into, the money he makes to pay rent. He talks about bets and violence and racing. He tells George about training, about the gloves he goes through, about the blood he leaves behind. And George listens. He listens as Dream talks about people George has never heard of, about people whose faces Dream’s fist has met, people who have touched Dream in ways only George could dream of.

“You do this for money?”

Dream snaps his eyes to him. He lets noodles fall from his mouth.

His head shakes from side to side. “Not only,” he says quickly, like he’s trying to convince George

of something. “I—there’s so many reasons. People I want to impress, people I want to help, people I train. People I’ve gotta keep safe.”

“You’re a trainer?” George asks him.

Dream shrugs. “I teach a lot of self defense to people. Then I make money in stupid, stupid ways, George.”

George is beyond holding back by now. “What do you do?”

“I told you.” Dream rinses his bowl. “I fight. I race.”

George falters a moment, looks over every part of Dream’s body as he leans against the counter. The kitchen is a mess. They haven’t cleaned it in a couple of days. Classes have been a pain in the ass.

“You mean illegally?”

Dream hums as a smirk plays on his lips. “Catching on?”

“Don’t—don’t mess with me right now.”

George’s words cause Dream to frown. And George doesn’t like it. His stomach turns ugly, and he wishes he could take back the bite in his bark. So, he apologizes.

“Sorry,” George says softly. “I just—it makes me so fucking mad. Do you get that?”

“Me being sarcastic?”

This time, George drops his shoulders and chuckles. He looks fondly toward Dream, lets sincerity and kindness roll off his posture and into his bowl of spaghetti.

“No,” he whispers. “Everything you’ve been doing for months. I’ve—” George turns on the chair to look into the deepest part of Dream’s eyes. “You say you’re the only one who gives a shit, but I worry every time you’re not in this apartment, did you know that?”

Dream’s lips twitch into a brief grin. His eyelids go soft, they go *half-lidded*, and he sighs. “I did.”

George groans. “What?”

“I knew that,” Dream admits.

Frustration builds up in George’s gut. In his chest, down the nerves that irritate in his body.

All his nights of worrying if Dream is safe, while Dream is out facing injuries and drinking down adrenaline, and worrying about other people. Nights of wanting Dream naked and warm underneath him while Dream was touching someone who wasn’t him. Nights of hoping Dream knows he cares, while Dream begged and begged and pleaded George to stay out of his business.

“Then why’d you never let me ask before? If you knew I cared, why wouldn’t you do anything? Say anything?”

Dream takes a piece of George when his eyes meet his.

“Because I knew you’d try to stop me when you found out exactly what it was I was doing,” he says. “It was good. Being able to come home to you, to know that you were safe. That was enough

for me. But if I told you, George—if you knew, if I'd have let you *tend* to me, you would've tried to convince me to stop in a fucking heartbeat.”

George's chest burns, and he feels the fever that rises from his back.

“Well, *yeah*,” he breathes. “It's dangerous.”

“—I would have let you.”

Silence churns inside of them.

Dream swallows with tears clinging to his eyes, “I would have let you, George, and that's what I fear the most because you fucking weaken me.”

George doesn't wash the dishes that night. He hardly sleeps.

—

The dirty, crimson color of blood is familiar by now. It's in George's dreams, haunting him to his core, turning him inside out by the time January ends.

George studies more.

He focuses on emergency medicine, where he'd like to be in the future, but especially for moments like these, when Dream comes into the window.

It's unclear why he doesn't just use the door. George hasn't asked him, but he and Dream hide nothing from each other anymore. So, he asks.

And Dream tells him, “because my car is out back. Quicker to get to the parking lot.”

George flips a page in his book.

Concern rusts away at his belly when Dream sits on his own bed. His injuries are so visible, and George wants to touch him, hold him, take care of him until Dream relaxes in his hands. Dream peels his shoes off and exhales, grunts with each pull.

“You okay?” Asks George, and mainly because he doesn't fear bringing things up anymore.

This time, Dream gives him a thumbs up.

There's a warmed smear of a hickey across his throat, and as he stands, George goes weightless against his sheets. He wants to cover it, replace it with his own mouth, box his legs around Dream's thighs and flatten his tongue against the skin of his neck until he asks Dream to tell him who has been leaving such marks on him.

But instead, George wraps his fingers around his dick and thrusts up into his hand while Dream is in the shower. He comes quick.

Days later, George falls asleep in Dream's bed after finding out he's been in an accident.

He cries so hard he doesn't see his hands, he just focuses on the smell of Dream's pillows, still lingering pine and cinnamon from Christmas.

Dream gets high when he comes home, his ankle wrapped in white, careful wrapping, his sweatpants rolled up on his left foot.

George watches him as he smokes out the window and as he eats boxed mac and cheese from the pan on his lap.

It's beautiful, really. How Dream can be so quiet on such a loud day in the city.

His smile is chasing the sun, and his cheeks go red the longer he leans up against the windowsill.

George joins him after a while, eats off of his spoon and laughs in his air. He sweats a little, but Dream leans forward to press his cold water bottle against the nape of George's neck.

And George thinks this is what love might feel like.

Just Dream.

It's February when George makes the mistake of trying to help Dream.

He's angry tonight, much different from when he comes home after training, or when his knuckles reveal red over the sandwich bags he tracks through the door after a race.

Dream's had a bad night. And George pries.

He pries because his chest is heavy and Dream isn't okay—no listless eyes, no red, spit-slick lips, no hickeys—just dried blood and bruises, and what has to be pain.

"Dream," George pleads as Dream's body collapses onto the end of George's bed. "*Please.*"

"I fucked up," Dream says under his breath.

And George crumbles. "How?"

Dream shakes his head. His breathing rises and George wants to beg him, wants to ask Dream if he can help, take his clothes off, make sure he's okay.

But Dream only grips onto George's forearms and then his shoulders as George crouches in front of him. His head lolls forward as he cries.

So George grips. Into the depths of blond roots and tips and filth. He leans until Dream's head presses to his chest.

None of it is familiar besides the smell of Dream and the fingers that clamp over his.

George may not know what seconds later will get him with Dream, but now is this. Here. It's the love that owns him, swims with him as he cradles a hand to Dream's cheek.

"Tell me," George whispers. "Are you okay?"

Dream looks up at him. He sinks further.

"George."

His eyes dissect the layers between them until he can find Dream. The hopelessness unfolds.

"Baby," George says, "it's okay. It's just a bad day."

A desirable stir tempts George, pushing him to grab Dream's face, to hold him tighter, to get that frown away from his mouth.

Dream looks at him like he's desperate, like he needs something—but George only brushes a thumb underneath his eyes.

"Okay?" George asks.

And Dream nods his head.

They sleep in clean sheets that night, in George's bed, the familiarity of intertwined fingers and pressed limbs and warmth keeping them safe. George kisses Dream's shoulder blades and promises, again, that they are okay.

—

George kisses Dream against the refrigerator on Valentine's day.

It's Dream's doing, really.

He started making all these stupid jokes about chocolates and hearts and love, and the entire time George kept thinking about how fucking cute it would be if Dream would just shut up and put his damn mouth to use. So, George kisses him.

With fervor, with a knee pressing between his legs, with hands that dig into Dream's hips and his side and fingertips that smooth over his belly.

He listens to the sounds Dream makes, and becomes surprised all the while.

George wasn't expecting it.

He's known Dream for all these months now, and he's never heard a noise from him any time he's supposedly jacked off. Dream isn't loud when he tends to his own wounds. He's quiet, hardly hisses at the touch of himself.

But with George's hands on him, *Dream is loud*. He's needy. His hands are on George's cheeks and his shoulders and his waist. He tugs down on the material of George's shirt, up when George doesn't respond.

"Impatient." George bites against his lip to draw another sound from him. "You're *so* impatient."

"Want you," Dream says to him through the strings of spit and smacking lips and buttery tongues.

George finds pleasure in the way Dream's hands slip from one place of his body to another, so, so fast.

He smirks. "I know."

"So, do something about it."

But there's a pan on the stove. Dishes that need washing. And George is a cruel, cruel man.

"Can we eat dinner first?" George pulls away and tilts Dream's neck to the side.

Dream blows at the water that has already boiled over, and while he does, George presses his tongue to where Dream's pulse carelessly flirts against his skin.

It's so warm along Dream's neck.

George has been desperate to touch him here for months, and now that his lips vibrate along the skin, he never wants to leave.

"Dinner?" Dream asks like he's never heard the word. "No."

George laughs. "Yes, Dream, we'll eat."

They walk lazily around the kitchen, hands tied to each other, bodies pushing and shoving as their mouths meet again and again.

George can't stop kissing him, his chest and heart and core all hot in a crawling desire to have, have, have.

They laugh over cooked pasta, and stare at each other from across the small table.

Times like this make George want to know where Dream's head is at, if it's rosy or dreadfully wet and fearing the worst. But he eats his dinner and hands George a melting chocolate to place in the palm of his hand, and George supposes he is okay.

They laugh, and George loves.

—

Later that night, they lie in Dream's bed.

"I want you to fuck me slow," Dream whispers, all hot at the back of George's neck.

The center of George's belly goes numb, and he can feel his dick twitch. His mouth goes dry, tongue sticky as he pulls it from the roof of his mouth.

His head tilts back so Dream can kiss his ear, so he can get closer to his heart.

"Want you to make me feel it," he says, "all deep, but so good. And want you—wanna tell you how much it means to me."

Dream keeps talking, and George touches.

In a relaxing, careful pattern, he trails his fingers up Dream's arm to interlock their hands. He brings knuckles to his mouth, kisses pads of fingers like he knows them.

Until he turns to face him.

He finds lips, turns soft kisses to warm ones to hot. His body edges nearer to Dream's like he wants to stick to him, and Dream follows suit.

"You're so beautiful."

Dream rolls his eyes. "You're just saying that now."

George finds his attitude pleasing.

"I'd have told you before if you weren't being a total dickhead, you know."

Dream kisses him, and George relaxes. They hold each other like they are fragile, as if the mattress they lie on is close to shattering.

"Good thing I'm the best guy you've ever met."

"Oh, that's definitely it."

And when George's touch shifts lower, Dream's breathing goes up and then up again.

He grazes his neck, his chest, and Dream stills. George can still see the fading bruises over his skin.

"I hated when you came home covered in these... these hickeys."

Dream snickers softly before biting on the edge of his lip. George asks if he can touch him, and Dream pleads words of agreement. George's hand disappears into Dream's pants, touches onto the most sensitive part of him, so damn lightly that Dream mewls.

"Why?"

George rolls his eyes, smears pre-cum with his thumb. He doesn't press with his palm, doesn't grip with his hand. He just waits.

"Cause I thought of how beautiful you'd look if it were me." George's thumb presses into the slit of his cock. "You looked good with them, whatever. But, I wanted it to be me who gave them to you, who covered you in them instead of whoever it was."

Dream's hips roll up when his patience runs low, but George pulls away.

"George," he warns.

But when they make eye contact, George cocks an eyebrow up.

“Hm?”

George helps Dream wraps his legs around George’s thigh, until his hips are flush, until George can feel how fucking hard he is against him.

“Why do you think I told you to stop fucking your ex?” Dream asks as he rolls his hips up. “*Oh.*”

George smiles shyly at him, grazing his cheek with the back of his knuckles. “*Good? Yeah?*”

It’s blissful as George watches those eyes close until they’re halfway shut. It gets him hard, makes him *think*—just knowing that Dream is like this because of him, and his touch, and his words.

“And I thought you told me to stop fucking him because you cared about my feelings?” George presses his forehead to Dream’s. “*Harder, baby, come on.*”

Dream whimpers, works his hips against George’s thigh in slower, harder motions until his sweatpants are wet, until his mouth is pooling with saliva. George wipes it.

“Idiot,” Dream tells him as he looks into his eyes. “I knew you’d be sad if—*oh, shit*—you stuck around with him.”

George is so in love.

“You’re so good,” George praises as Dream brings himself closer. “Take such good care of people.”

He seals their mouths, and tonight it feels sweeter than George knows. It tastes like love, with hints of salt.

“*George,*” he cries, slowing his movements.

Hands grip the back of Dream’s ass, help guide him closer.

“I’m here.”

Under the pale moonlight, and with the window open, Dream comes *hard*.

—

Later that night, when laughter eases their brains, they eat more chocolate and kiss again. And again, until George fucks Dream slow like Dream asked him to.

It’s late when he does, not even Valentine’s Day anymore, but they still treat it like it is.

They’ve always had these decorations for every holiday, and with pink hearts and boxes of chocolates now emptied, George feels too sweet to care about the mess in their apartment.

He had opened Dream up carefully, whispered promises of love and adoration against the bones of his hips.

Time is simple to become lost in, but George doesn't mind with Dream, especially as he fucks him like this, especially as he grips sheets and pillows and scattered clothing.

He's right about Dream—he's loud, but he's also so tight and warm, and he laughs while they have sex, and it's perfect.

"Never," George brushes up against his prostate, "you don't get to come home and leave me wondering if you're okay. Hear me?"

Dream whines at his words, slams his head back into the bed as he attempts to reach George's cheek.

"I want you," Dream says.

He says it again and again until he begs George to come.

And when he does, he listens to George praising him; he listens to George chasing his own orgasm in slow thrusts until he comes against the front of Dream's stomach.

Then they laugh.

"Gross."

"Shut up."

George wipes it off with the top sheet and hooks his leg around Dream's waist until he can cup his cheeks and kiss him properly.

"I love you," he says three times in a row. "You don't have to tell me everything, Dream, I just worry."

Dream's fingers faintly brush over his lower back, and he smiles.

"I just fear you'll dislike me for some things I go through."

They look toward each other, eyes still glossed over and chests still rising and falling fast.

"Never," George says.

And he means it.

The following Monday, Dream tells George he loves him through a car ride to the beach. It's cool weather and lots of sunshine, but they pick up fast food and get stomach aches over too much ice cream on their way home.

thank u for reading!!!

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